PHAETON

AT

COURT:

A

POEM.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year M,DCC,LVI.
[Price Two

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15 89
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PHAETON
AT
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NOT asking, nor expecting ought,
One Day I went to view the Court,
Unbent, and free from Care or Thought,
Tho' thither Hopes and Fears resort:

A Piece of Tap'stry took my Eye,
The faded Colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious Imag'ry,
The Figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here

Here you might ſee the Youth prevail;
(In vain are Eloquence and Wit,)
The Boy perſiſts; *Apollo*'s frail;
Wiſdom to Nature does ſubmit.

There mounts the eager Charioteer,
Soon from his Seat He's downwards hurl'd;
Here Jove in Anger does appear;
There all beneath the flaming World.

What does this idle Fiction mean?
Is Truth at Court in ſuch Diſgrace,
It may not on the Walls be ſeen?
Nor ev'n in Picture ſhew its Face;

No, no: 'tis not a *ſenſeleſs* Tale,
By ſweet-Tongued *Ovid* dreſs'd ſo fine;
It does important Truths conceal,
And here was plac'd by wiſe Deſign.

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A Leſſon

A Leſſon deep with Learning fraught,
Worthy the Cabinets of Kings,
Fit Subject of their conſtant Thought,
In matchleſs Verſe the Poet ſings.

Well ſhould He weigh who does aſpire
To Empire, whether, truly Great,
His Head, his Heart, his Hand conſpire
To make him equal to that Seat.

If only fond Deſire of Sway,
By Av'rice, or Ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the Day,
Alas! what ſtrange Confuſion's bred?

If either, void of Princely Care,
Remiſs He holds the ſlackned Rein;
If riſing Heats, or mad Career,
Unſkill'd, He knows not to reſtrain;

Or if perhaps He gives a Looſe,
In Wanton Pride to ſhew his Skill,
How eaſily he can reduce,
And curb the † People's Rage at Will.

In wild Uproar they hurry on,
The Great, the Good, the Juſt, the Wiſe,
(Law and (*) Religion Overthrown)
Are firſt mark'd out for Sacrifice.

When to a Height their Fury grown,
Finding too late He can't retire,
He proves the *real* PHAETON,
And *truly* ſets the World on Fire.

† Some *Great Men* who pretended to be Patrons their Country, but was *privately Bribed* off.

(*) The Proteſtant R—l—g—n was, at t Time, in great Danger; a P—a—p—t—ſt be put at the Head of the G—v—nt.

Th

Thus *Forefold England* to its Foe,
In foreign Shackles bound the Brave,
Involv'd his *King* in utmoſt Woe,
And blazing ſhar'd the Fate he gave.

But firſt a giddy Youth he ſent,
To burn whate'er eſcaped his Ire;
To *Ireland* this raſh Stripling went,
And ſet the *Nation* in a Fire.

FINIS.

Thus Troy held Europe to its Foe,
In foreign Shackles bound the Brave;
Involv'd his Kingdom in utmost Woe,
And blazing Mars'd the Fate he gave.

But ruffa giddy Youth he sent,
To burn whate'er obstruct his Ire;
To Wound this ruth Stripling went,
And let the Man burn in a Fire.

F I N I S.

1608/1307.

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